

Michael Fix

The Bombing of the U.S.S. Thomas Cole

Start any voyage

begin breathing,

reek out one's utterance:

MACBETH!

Start this voyage: steam ahead,

all ahead full!

Screaming engines blurt,

your bubbling breath

calling MACBETH!

Call out

continuously—calling

M A C B E T H ! ! !

Too small to ride horses—ride a boat

ride Newfoundland hounds,
hounds with blurred back fur
barking at enemies

We steam ahead
always steaming ahead
Ah,
to steam on a clear day
when all gulls screech
....macbeth....

Wake up, bloodied pillows
strewn betimes the bedsides.
Come down stairs
of dark walnut,
see people connecting.

Screaming
—you are: MACBETHING!!!

(1/3rd of our leg traveled.)

Now come upon the lido,
perhaps the poop
All starry-eyed voyagers do it,

Stare at the early sun,
try to believe it.

Then chests warming
see Leda on the deck
looking a succulent swan,
some deep urging voice:
MACBETH HER!! AH, MACBETH!!!

Grabbing feathers and such,
she returns no claws
smoothly—she turns from swan to sun
back—then implodes.

On a voyage to the Taj.
Scream young one (while you are)
scratch for the summit
scream!
always screaming
scratching MACBETH!!
YES! MACBETH!!

(Half voyage; horizon seen!)

Now quieting down...shh!

quiet lights dimming a full sky,

clear, cloudless sky

opening with a deep "I, am."

Electric chest pains through

and through the growing sunset.

These voices sharpening their

syllabic 'Macbeths'.

And some certain time

occurs and MACBETH!

returns darkly

you say, "Macbeth, oooh Macbeth, Macbeth!"

Ah! where does this voyage go?

Whereto now?

Ah, macbeth!

(Oh, where is my Leda, now that 3/4's gone?)

Where to now, Cuba?

what land does my body lie over?

How many MACBETHS?!?!?!?

no.

No,

now I say MACBETH!!!!!!

one last desperate heaving breath.

One rattle

from an explosion of starlight,

the hull cracked and caved

(maybe an iceberg?)

maybe an alien.

No,

IT WAS A SCYTHE!!!!!!

MACBETH!

MACBETH!

AHH, MACBETH!!!

then.....

upwards—some shadows

descending under everyone

and living without their residue

no macbeths left,

I go to birds,

the otters of the sky.

Tell Me More about America

“I am not Roy Rogers,
I am not Bob Evans”

Dozens of people-full of clout,
millions perhaps,
-want me to talk about,
America.
-I am not going to do that.

How can *I* talk without vitriol?
-I want to drench you in America
but I can not,
so I wont
-and I can't
-so I wont.

What in the Sam-Hell is America?

-a thousand ears straining
A ten to the tenth,
of crème-de-menthe,
swilling rednexxxxxx?
what de heck do we care,
what we call America?
the “once-New-Found-Land,
the “Land Of Jobs”
celebs,
gobs of famous,
-amos
-tori
-and Andy

they all want to be famous, everyone will, does, can have, has had-
their 15 minute minutes.

“Everyone wants some.”

“Mmmmmm, moooooore cookieees pleaseee.”

Want spotlight,
to wax,
feel the imp pulses,
do the same,
to their legs,
hips,
groinages,

faces,
-effigies
they are not America.

Not even an American-so-called as they are-
can tell *me* about America.

-It is lost at sea
-the fore man is aft
-the mizzenmast devoured deviously by hordes of squirming termites
-sailing naked to the pie crust moon,
fading into black,
-blue-
-blue-black-
-the pale Horse saloon pale blue moon,
-I saw it standing alone.

Like our Americans

America
Amerigo
Amir
all of the clown dollop pharmy reps
preps
steps
plans
-the best laid plans
-America, is not George, and unfortunately not Lenny.
not a penny
arcade
Do not tell me about these.

Its not the scrapple from the big apple,
kerplunkin'
spelunkin'
carved pumkin
lifestyles of the rich n' scamish
eggman-I am-
apeman
powerman
powerman
powerman
deadpan
flash in th' pan
deadman
deadman

deadman

-walkin'

-coolin'

-relaxin'

miles ahead

-away from ordinary

Miles'-stones.

Big wheels that keep triumphantly turning,
suv's piloted by the invincible//mary keeps on burnin.....

people who roll {them}

men procede w/ glowing plastic,

talkin' bout dead Americans,

tell me of a few bobs, daves, franks

-all the Phils who landed on Utah

-tell me about America,

I dare you

I dare you

I double the square root of 1.000.000.000.000, triple doggie dare

you

I AM NOT GOING TO DO THAT.

Do it-do it-do it-do it

do it-do it-do it-do it

cave in caveman cave in

talk country talk talk

you think you know you think you know

Think you encapsulate

extrapolate

this huge mass this huge mass-broken glass

every type

environment and boinging bigot,

into a poem?? into a poem??

eh?

eh?

you think so dude?

do ya think so?

huh? huh?

Tell me about the people of the sun.

I might listen.

oh sirens of deliriums make us forget,

the patriots,

the gridiron politik,
our Republic
Of Stylised Apathy

-Pathetic Manured Pathologies

But I digress:

Almost started to tell you about America didn't I? When I really do not know it. I was cemented here by placenta; driven into a board with nails; my congealed bleeding blood is only red, red, red. You can not bleed white or blue in addition, don't try. I don't know a damned thin thing about America, so tell *me*, please tell me sir or ma'am, please please me, tell me, try me, try a little tenderness, caress my back whisper or whimper...."America", into the fuzzy nooks of my ear, stand near, to me, tell me "I have found you ", just read it a little longer, tell me America, tell me where you are and who, tell me who I am and where.

"Don't ban France (you morons)
don't put your boot in my ass
with your pickup truckulence
or I will poop on your lawn."

Death of a Playwright

The dreaded hour when Art died.
I was having a transcendentalist argument,
about the nature of U.F.O's.

In the houses of erudition,
-education-
People Peopling,
 conversing in casual attire,
 not knowing Art;
 and the death-that Thing.

Wonderment of force,
-basked in confusion,
aghast at that Art;
-and the death.

Wondering-Why, Oasis?-Why?
-damn limeys-
can't release another great album,
-why?-
the Contenders are all AWOL,
-far and away from the Danger-Fields,
no postwar naval dramas,
no assaulted showering nudes,
-No,
 -"What'd I Say, Ray?"
ONE, LONG, calendar-year of DEATH.

Art dies a lot,
Art died today.
Art worked(s) for us,
for a company,
-for accompaniment.

-Art.
 Tried to save a girl in chains,
 -she left
 -into black pools of voluptuous memory,
 (poetic interpretation: History)
-she floated on her bloneness,
-smiled coquettishly-upon mastaba, pyre-Warhol.
left Art for Simon-Peter and Art-Funk-el.

Art smiles from frames now,
-gazing on these people peopling,
 -these Americans,
-who write words,
 -these people peopling,
these tiny american Idols:
 -lost-
 -lost-
 -lost-

-MY GOD-ART IS LOST-
 -he is gone.....

But today-
-quiet!-a ray!
-hope.

-Next?
probably the Pope.

Paddy's 3400th Dream

-An Englishman lifted u up
 into a heat duct-

And as he tickled-
 -u collapsed.

Flowering Trees

I go home,
put on something Spanish.

Laura Linney—Ms. Linney,
sits gazing
from a window—bay window
sipping tea.

Driving homeward,
bound—from work to home,
bound home;
bullets zip casually
through the highway air,
plinking: plink, plink
like out-of-tune steel drummers.

Ms. Linney—Laura Linney
drinks tea now
swallows hard,
not worried about esophageal cancer—or
less-than-stellar teeth.
She is remote—a tundra.

With the calypso trek concluded,
I *donne*,
and wait for the canopy,
they say sleep is.

Laura starts to vaguely dream,
scratches her sleeping knee too hard,
awakens—bumps right into her tote.
She is desolate,
sort of.

I think about—well
I think about, probably
30-40 different things
as I lay awake (writers may know)
 I think about 14.
 I think about 22.
 I think about 5.
 5 is hard.

Michael Fix is a student at the University of Buffalo. He earns his living by raising and selling lab monkeys to the bioinformatics program. He says, it's either them or me and at least they don't eat them. When I raised cattle, boy it sure did make you think about burgers differently. His book of poems, My life with Reagan was nominated for a Pushcart award but was blocked by a strong petition by PETA. He does not hurt animals with his poems I have been assured.